

THE
CAP and STAFF,
OR THE
RECANTATION

OF THE
Rev. Captain CHARLES C^{Churchill}_ALL,

Addressed to JOHN W^{ilke}_S, Esq;

———*I'll no more in the basket.*

SHAKESPEAR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by N. GIBSON, in New-
Bond-Street.

M.DCC.LXIV.

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T H E
C A P and S T A F F;
O R T H E
R E C A N T A T I O N
O F T H E
Reverend Captain Charles C——ll, &c.

I'LL bark no more, no more my lungs I'll tear,
The damn'd themselves are vanquish'd by despair;
All hopes are fled, and with them fled each view,
The cart and pillory, for me and you
Instead of livings, governments, and gold,
Dragg'd forth, and fix'd, with horror I behold;

Fit meed of malice, rancour, and despite,
 Those meddling fiends that goaded us to write ;
 With frantic pens, deep drench'd in mischiefs gall,
 At envy's dictate and at faction's call.

AH head'ong W---s; I rue thy dismal fate;
 Thou giddy madcap of the angry great,
 Their vain Bellweather,---yes, too late I see
 Thou'lt rung a factious pea!, the laws decree,
 For my broad back the lash, the yoke for thee.

ADZOUNDS friend W---s, tho' brawny, stout and strong,
 I've roll'd this rough rock, up the hill too long
 Against my conscience, and my soul's consent ;
 For tho' a parson Jack, I can repent.
 We must give up and speak the truth at last,
 Repent and mourn, and weep for what is past ;
 In sackcloth rob'd let me lament my crimes,
 Retract my ravings and renounce my rhimes :
 My fever has a turn, my frenzy's o'er,
 I'll run a muck at kings and God no more,
 No more with mobbish praise shall I be cram'd;
 A priest without a bribe, a priest be damn'd ;

Without, or pelf or place the world divide,
Forbid it avarice, forbid it pride.

LET me have something permanent and sure,
To purchase pots of porter, and a whore;
In Covent-garden let my chapel be,
Let mother Gold throw wide her gates to me:
My pulpit there I'll plant, there preach unvex'd,
With bawds my hearers, and a whore my text;
There let me wallow in my rankest mire,
Grunt in the sty, and surfeit coarse desire.

Sedition there shall fret my soul no more,
Each night I'll riot, and each day I'll snore;
Deep sunk in sloth, no factious schemes I'll heed,
Nor work my weary brain, nor war with Tweed.

No more for trash I'll tax the patient town,
Nor cram the craving maw for half a crown;
The very junto loathes my vapid mess,
So oft serv'd up with flavour less and less;
Though pepper'd high, from hot sedition's box,
Yet C——h shoves it from him with a pox.

This stuff is flat — a plague — 'tis cold, 'tis dead,
The fellow scribbles now for want of bread ;
Fogh, damn his Gotham, neither this nor that,
A hodge podge vile, compos'd of G--d knows what
Without or meaning, plan, or scope, or sense,
A wretched rhapsody to pick up pence.

HERE W——n stop this hog-wash at the door,
Or if you take it, take it for the poor ;
The hungry few may lap it up in haste,
Rancour no relish has, nor faction taste ;
Ingorge that greedy throat, no matter how,
The proverb, Tom--- the pancake and the fow."

WHAT'S here postillion'd with such large renown ?
The Candidate at last is come to town ;
What reeking specimens the Ledger shews,
Of all the filth this C——ll round him throws ;
A frantic Billingsgate could fling no more,
When parish-officers she pelts full fore ;
Or drives the city Archon from her stall,
Rough casting maces, gown, and scales and all :
Why this is prostituted rank abuse,
A very brothel on the town let loose.

THIS C——ll's rhiming can no longer last,
An anticlimax race he runs so fast ;
In Fleet-ditch mud his pegasus must flounce,
There finking, plunge, and plunging, sink and bounce.

A CAUSE supported by such clam'rous cries,
Each honest man must in his heart despise ;
Mere honesty can be no longer mute,
And all the slanders cast on this same B--e,
If seen through candour's medium just and clear,
Would virtues in their proper shapes appear ;
Virtues that Socrates himself might scan,
This much, mere party spite affords the man:
His private character the world must praise,
His public too shall shine in future days,
With pure unfulled light and patriot rays.

THERE'S something in the soul in spite of pride,
That leans and listens to the injur'd side,
When passion has discharg'd his fiery dart ;
And cool reflection comes and calms the heart,
When prejudice in vain his shafts hath spent,
Mere malice will recoil, and rage repent,

That inbred candour which our nature awes
Will still be working in the virtuous cause,
By foul-felt touches that inculcate strong
The dread distinction firs, of right and wrong ;
Let's separate then in this disputed case
These two, and look mere justice in the face,
Let pride and passion in this pole fit still,
The question put, and count the votes who will.

No more in faction's snare let us be caught,
For what is not of good must come to nought,
Yes, yes this rash symposium will decay,
And W——n must look out some other way.

'Tis thus they speech it with dejected air,
And find no subterfuge but in despair.

LET's now friend W----s, review our loss and gain
Nor run our heads against the wall in vain ;
Can you look back ! by heaven it makes me blush,
Tho' truth and worth I value not one rush,
Yet still, it makes me turn aside mine eyes,
There's something, Jack, so mean in forging lies,

Seditious lies, against mere nature's grain,
 The greatest scoundrel, Jack, must feel some pain
 At spreading falsehood wide, since truth confess'd
 Will now and then invade a villain's breast,
 In heart's abandon'd will sharp censor be,
 In Borgia, Cataline, in Oats, or me.

I feel I feel fierce conscience growl within,
 Without one bribe to sanctify the sin;
 No soft asswaging balm to ease the pain,
 To B--e I oft look back, but look in vain,
 Despair from thence must be my destin'd lot,
 Vindictive Hogarth with his bear and pot
 Are all the booty that my spleen hath got.

EGREGIOUS wizard, with victorious skill
 The devil lent him hints, and lends them still,
 No DOTARD he, his vigour yet remains,
 How sharp his wit, how fertile are his brains,
 His keen reprisal cuts me to the soul,
 What think you, Johnny, of the cap and pole,
 That sneering sarcasm so well hit off,
 So like the truth, that learned lasting scoff

To distant times, shall manly pleasure give,
When Hogarth's wit, not C——ll's rhyme shall live.

AGAINST my malice, I must do him right,
I feel his bitter fang, his Badger's bite,
His grinders here have met, still, still I smart,
Ten thousand curses on his clinching art;
My toothless satire every school boy jeers,
The flaver only not the tusk he fears.

Is this the palm, is this the rich reward
For you the member, and for me the bard,
Made Hogarth's laughing stock in every eye,
To lift his matchless genius to the sky;
His country's pride by foreign wits rever'd,
By judges honour'd, and by coxcombs fear'd,
Against his strength, my strength no more I'll try,
In ev'ry line I've penn'd, I've penn'd a lie.

A trophy I have rear'd through venal rhimes,
The shame reproach, and scandal of the times,
By faction founded and by discord built,
Made rich by rancour and by frenzy guilt;

Whose gaudy glare the gaping cockney charms,
 Rejoic'd to see the city coat of arms,
 So well annex'd, with Tyler's dagger there
 In bold relief—and C——ll's Halter here,
 A gothic arch it is, of northern stone,
 The emblems are of brass, the sketch my own;
 Inscib'd so strong that those who run may read,
 And then you have a prospect of the Tweed;
 In faint perspective at a distance seen,
 With here and there a rising wall between,
 By way of shelter from the winds that blow,
 From that keen quarter, and disturb us so;
 From either wing, lo discord and despair,
 Look dreadful down with fell satanic air,
 Whilst on the Top see grinning malice sit,
 Like a mad monkey that itself had bit.

Look back friend W — s, look back with tears, and see
 How much our country owes to you and me,
 Loud foes to truth and peace, for fancy'd hire,
 Amidst the Olive we have stuck the Briar,
 The paths of peace with brambles we have spread;
 And plac'd a crown of thorns upon her head,

To Europe, panting yet, we give new pains,
And tear the bandage from her bleeding veins;
Her long afflicted heart again we gore,
And plant the Cannon at her peace once more;
The instruments of mischief, war, and woe,
The brand of discord and of death we throw
Like hostile fiends athwart the troubled land,
And lift aloft with pride, the hellish hand;
With joyful eyes behold th' infernal pest,
Catching from brow to brow, from breast to breast;
With noxious rage we'd human woes renew,
And millions would destroy to please a few;
Well may rash men such desperate measures choose,
And sink the ship who have no freight to lose.

At sense and worth our venom'd darts we aim,
And give the lie to truth and spotless fame;
Can ruffian genius point the unworthy pen
To stab Mæcenæ, in the best of men,
And wound that worth which made the dews descend,
Of royal grace for bounty's noblest end:
The friend of merit when from notice barr'd,
Whose eye could find her, and whose hand reward;

Through eighteen ages back to Cæsar go,
What age like this, such princely worth did show?
In George and B—, each British eye may view
A Dorset, Leo, and a Lewis too.

Quick drop the veil athwart my mental fight,
Come black oblivion, bury me in night;
Tho' callous and case harden'd thus I stand,
With brazen bowels and with iron hand;
Tho' arm'd against remorse with plated steel,
In this alone I honest anguish feel;
In this a sharp regret my soul invades,
When porter primes me, and when punk persuades,
I feel it sting me through the heart and head,
When drunk I revel with a whore in bed;
When batter'd in the bruising match I rise,
Th' illustrious Image stands before mine eyes;
Tho' dim their orbs, their lids tho' black and blue,
Yet still I see it in my soul's sad view;
The dread reflection strikes my rancour mute,
And worth upbraids me in the shape of B---;
Whose patriot mind the firm foundation cast
Of Britain's glory, * that with time should last

* A royal academy for the polite arts.

Where taste on truth's eternal pile should stand,
 And bear th'immortal laurel in her hand,
 Above what Egypt, Greece, or Rome hath seen,
 For ever honour'd, and for ever green;
 'Till faction's envious arm oppos'd the plan,
 And stop'd the progress of the God-like man,
 Nor taste, nor worth, can vulgar wrath assuage,
 When gothic fury blends, with party rage;
 Mæcenas then and Maro must come down,
 In vain the Ivy and the laurel crown,
 For taste would stretch their sacred influence far,
 Since taste and envy hold eternal war.

LET major, minor, be or friends, or foes,
 In T——'s stew holes shall I bribe my nose;
 There stuff with factious fumes my brainfick head,
 And plunge my servile pen, to sop my bread;
 A beef and pudding patriot hunt the pack,
 And quench my fury in the leathern Jack;
 O'er jugs of ale display Broughtonian wit,
 And how the many in the *mark* to hit;
 With planted foot secure, and clinched fist,
 Instruct my lord, my lord the mark hath miss't;

With batter'd knuckles and with humbl'd pride,
A broken forehead, and a kick beside;
Repuls'd and scorn'd with sad despairing heart,
He curses C — ll, and the bruifing art.

As penfive o'er your griefs in France you fit,
Do tell me Johnny, what you think of P-t;
Like Ammon's fon this god is mortal found,
And all our hopes lie panting on the ground;
This Lucifer is fall'n so proud and vain,
And downward with him drags his gaping train;
Apostate P-t, his deeds degrade my rhyme,
Ambition, Jack, can creep as well as climb;
Confusion! such a sneaking treach'rous plot,
To bully, fwagger, fwear, what not,
Then private cringe and fawn and court the scot.

IN vain the faction shall this Jove invoke,
His thunder is but found, his flash but smoke;
Who shifts and changes fides each changing hour,
A mad man in, and madder out of pow'r;
A jehu driver through the dust he makes,
Whilst o'er each passive tit the scourge he shakes;

Through thick and thin his headlong course is known,
Who shuns his master's ways to take his own ;
His own unbeaten arbitrary track,
But let me turn my eyes a little back,
See what a retrospect, dear Jack is here,
Exactly answering to the Gazetteer ;
See what trimming, turning, winding, veering,
Speeching, ranting, acting, roaring, jeering ;
How different in each part, how quickly done,
Like Bray's good vicar, or like patch-coat Lunn.

A patriot now stark mad for truth and law,
And now a Turk, a cabinet bashaw ;
A dictatorial unite hot and vain,
With fifty lordly cyphers in his train ;
Mere blanks forsooth, to fill his proud parade,
But stamp'd by him, are city prizes made ;
To gorge the gaping throats near Temple-bar,
Who trample peace, and roar aloud for war ;
Who still at fainting Europe's vitals strike,
And hate compassion, B—, and peace, alike ;
Statesmen to stand before his sense superb,
Like epithets to wait upon this verb ;

Thy fate his fiercest arrogance must cow,
His eloquence has other uses now;
To temporize and barter pro and con,
To hold his pension fast, and so go on;
His eloquence a prostitute long made,
A hacknied strumpet in the leapstick trade,
Which at the best in spite of proud pretence,
Has more of pomp and shew and sound, than sense :
If his fam'd spoutings were on paper seen,
His boasted wreaths would look not half so green ;
The voice and manner make the clap and rout,
The actor often helps the author out.

HIM rapid talents envy's self must grant,
In turgid topics, big with rage and rant,
Where truth and decency are thrown aside,
And spleen delivered by the midwife, pride;
What big born spectres, red and black appear,
Chimera's Gorgons, got by rage on fear;
That from fierce funnels into being broke,
As Salamanders spring from fire and smoke,
Hot frantic figures, like the mob enrag'd,
The fav'rite mob with truth and peace engag'd ;
How bully like he stamps, he storms, rebukes,
T'enoble boatswains, and to beggar dukes?

The torch of war, his breath would keep alive,
Tho' Europe's mournful kings, to quench it strive;
In vain her gushing vitals on it flows,
Whilst faction holds, it up and P-t still blows;
The landed interest at his foot must fall,
Whilst tars and ally-jobbers lick up all;
The topsy turvey road he joyful steers,
Would princes pedlers make, and pedlers peers.

HUZZA for P-t, the righteous mob resound,
Whilst bleeding Britain gasping on the ground;
With outstretch'd arms, for peace, for peace still cries,
But Satan, pride, and P-t, that peace denies:
Before his shrine th' implicit rout would fall,
Tho' then the French were landing at Whitehall.
One huge herculean point can all confute,
'That peace tho' precious, was belov'd by B—,
Ten thousand furies at that name arose,
For all the black battallion are his foes,
How prejudice can cheat the willing view,
Discolour objects, and invert them too;
Invasion, terror, plague! yet clamours mute,
Nay bankrupts, beggars, any thing but B---;

Ingrateful tribe, to him whose virtue stood
In Europe's breach, and clos'd the scene of blood,
Who gave to weary nature needful rest,
And quell'd each fury in the human breast.

Hark howling famine on the rocks complain,
See pestilence, with all her bloated train,
And death and hell throw wide their gates in vain.

The starving vulture screams with guiltless beak,
And wolves and dogs the field of death forsake,
The mothers now with frantic grief no more
Through mangled heaps their slaughter'd sons explore,
Nor seek the marking mole with anguish'd eyes,
Nor lift their loud lamentings to the skies,
Nor tear the tortur'd breast, nor smite the head,
Nor sink absorb'd among the kindred dead.

SEE war's red genius in the northern sky,
Defrauded murmur, and from Europe fly
Beyond the pole, with frozen fiends to dwell,
Or sink disbanded to his native Hell;
There mutiny for prey with fruitless roar,
For Heaven and George have barr'd th'infernal door.

Oh party rage thou hot malignant pest,
 All hell possessing, and by hell possess'd ;
 Thou brand fierce burning from the bars below,
 By furies snatch'd to fill the world with woe;
 Who whirl thee flaming round in fuel'd air,
 To kindle discord and provoke despair,
 To rouse up jealousy with frantic head,
 And midnight murder from his iron bed.

Thou more than foreign war this isle must fear
 Thy home-felt bane, than Gallia's hostile spear,
 Thy venom'd breath her growing strength annoys,
 Infects her hopes, and poisons all her joys,
 Thou tax by vengeance on her bliss let fall
 To wound her peace, and mix her cup with gall,
 Her golden peace that swells the public store
 With tides of commerce; richly rising o'er
 The former bounds, and daily rising more,
 To blast all social band, all friendly tie,
 Subvert all worth, and give all truth the lie ;
 Set up the patriot for the public mark,
 And shoot at princely virtues in the dark,
 Careless if right or wrong the arrow hit,
 It pleases rancour, and it pleases P-t ;

Where passion raves, and reason still lies mute,
 And public rancour plays the headlong brute,
 Like Tygers rushing in an evil hour
 From faction's precipice, on lawful power;
 Mechanic engines strong impell'd by spleen,
 Mere passive instruments to springs unseen,
 'Gainst k--gs the city culverin they cram
 With eager haste, and point the horned ram,
 The full fed herd led on by roaring W-ll,
 The toast seditious charge, the bumper fill,
 With noise and Port each reason they refute,
 And damn at once the peace, the c---t, and B--e;

THUS gorge each night the P-nd-m-n--n rout,
 'Till heaven's dim candle's wink, and their's go out.
 On money bags the fordid muck-worms snore,
 There dream of Millions, and their god adore,
 Their earth-born god, whose clumsy ritual brings
 A bear-like worship, and a scorn of k--gs;
 These fashion mimics in their aukward class,
 Who ape the spaniel as did once the afs;
 Proud, pamper'd, fullen, rude, for discord fit,
 The slaves of faction, and the tools of P-t,

In spite of his loud brags, my friend we're caught,
 Indeed poor Johnny W—s thou'rt sold and bought,
 But let that topic for a moment lie,
 Alas, you'll hear much more on't bie and bie.

My measure's full, and rowls a rapid tide,
 The mason's daughter by the river side
 Crowns my black climax—all remorse farewell,
 With endless infamy my name shall dwell,
 The boasted brand with brazen front I wear,
 A long farewell to virtue shame and fear.

Hail, v--l--n, hail, that epithet be mine,
 A bear in body, and in foul a swine ;
 Abandon'd outcast, loathed let me go,
 I'm arm'd in adamant from top to toe;
 In vain shall conscience point her dreadful dart,
 To pierce the fibres of this flinty heart;
 I'm proof to all assaults, without, within,
 To faith, to morals, devil, death, and sin.

The boisterous mob shall through each alley roar,
 Huzza for C——ll, C——ll and his whore ;

Whose wife and brats now shrink beneath a shed,
Or wrapt in blankets beg their daily bread ;
And round that parish where their father pray'd,
With offal scraps from door to door are staid ;
Huzza for C——ll still, whose righteous rhimes,
Shall maul the ministers, and mend the times ;
No matter what the wise and virtuous think,
His health the envious and the proud shall drink ;
Who court or faction, riot, rhyme, or whim,
Their bully, bravo, bull-dog, find in him.

Thus am I choak'd with rabble, rout, and roar,
The mob in gin shall belch applause no more
In C——ll's face, no nostril this can stand,
I hate a dram itself at second hand ;
By praise I'm poison'd for my factious crimes,
With incense, ranker, than my rankest rhimes ;
In half hatch'd verse my turnpike themes I sing,
That sometimes want a leg, but oft a wing ;
Whipt and spurr'd through many a dirty road,
Poor Pegasus bends now beneath his load,
With weary weights of scandal on his back,
He groaning stumbles in an ass's track.

CONFUSION to the day I lifted first
In this black service, be that day accurst,
When pride and vanity before me stood,
And talk't of glory and my country's good,
When spleen provok'd me and when passion stung,
When first th'allarum o'er all the land I rung,
The false alarm when you held up the prize,
And promis'd wonders for my verse and lies;
The rack, the gibbet, halter and the wheel,
And all the famine I foretold, I feel.

AND thou of Aylesbury, audacious Jack,
Thou purblind patriot, and thou daring quack;
In exile now at leisure view thy lot,
And count the ignominious gain thou'st got;
Oh fatal retrospect, how black the view,
What hornets goad thee, and what plagues pursue;
My brazen bowels seem to share the smart,
Tho' what could Nero's melt; can't move my heart;
Yet, yet perdition on the luckless day,
When first we took their mercenary pay,
And swopt alas, what principles we had,
For even then our principles were bad;

For factious bumpers, bribes, and base applause,
For midnight riots and for hoarse huzzas.

Tho' not debauch'd by proud distemper'd peers,
We lov'd to set the neighbour's by the ears;
Not whores in fact, as yet upon the town,
But ready with each rascal to lie down;
Your restless soul for every crime was made,
Whilst pride and poverty your actions sway'd.

As for myself, the world will witness bear,
I ne'er was form'd for preaching or for pray'r;
At Broughton's booth, my stake, I should secure,
A Bow-street bully for each Bow-street whore,
Had suited best my talents and my pride,
You see how genius, Jack, is misapply'd;
But disappointment makes a parson sour,
And from the very first I hated power;
This rous'd up all the savage in my heart,
So play'd in priestly robes, the ruffian's part.

No more with faction shall my spirit strive,
But self transported I'll embark with Cl—e;

Resolv'd at once my province to enlarge,
Nor wait for verdicts, nor a M—f—d's charge ;
In India still I'll work the priestly way,
And christen Nabob's at a crown a day ;
A missionary meek I'll toil on there,
To make atonement for my frolicks here ;
And let our soldiers conquer as they will,
I'll propagate as fast as they can kill ;
My faculties I'll turn to manly use,
And drop the practise of this damn'd abuse.

Not polish'd Francis can escape my spleen,
Tho' taste and Horace put themselves between ;
In vain I strove his guarded worth to wound,
By every classic virtue arm'd around ;
His merit will my malice still defy,
Whilst thankful Britain gives my pen the lie,
And learning loves, and genius holds him high.

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WE'RE plung'd my friend, confusion to the thought,
O'er head and ears in muck, we're sold we're bought ;
Tho' both by self tormenting thoughts accurst,
Yet still thy wretched bargain is the worst ;

Proscrib'd, condemn'd with gallic slaves to starve,
No more thy country nor thy king to serve;
What thorny tortures in thy pillow grow,
When night by night thou ruminates thy woe;
Reflection to thy troubled mind must bring
Thy rebel rancour, and thy injur'd King;
Those sharp reproaches shall thy peace surround,
And grieve thee more than M——n's fiery wound;
The gallic yoke thy neck must learn to wear,
And exercise the dictates of despair.

FROM Calais steeples cast thy longing eyes,
And view those white forbidden hills and skies;
In vain thy hands are stretch'd, thy heart in vain,
Thy hand and heart must drag the Gallic chain;
Thy limed soul in vain the wing would spread,
On Dover's strand thy feet shall never tread;
How white yon cliffs, how black thy crimes appear,
Ah wretched W—s, in vain thou shed'st that tear
Too late, alas thou wring'st repentance so,
Repentance now can but increase thy woe;

Thy day of hope is past, on Pisgah stand
And view the borders of that blissful land;
Where freedom's manna thou shalt never taste,
But drop thy carcase on a foreign waste.
In spite of nature — 'sblood I can't tell how,
They're tears by heaven — the woman works me now;
Thy deadly stroke my flinty heart has felt,
One human pang compels me now to melt;

Ah fee, Jack W—s, my paper all is drench'd,
They're iron tears that from these orbs are wrench'd;
Such fatan o'er his ruin'd rout let fall,
When pity's dew was dash'd with envy's gall;
No mighty merit springs from thence I fear,
Since e'en the devil himself, could shed a tear;
Ah fools and madmen, madmen, knaves and fools,
Ah, ridden raskals, raskals, slaves, and tools.

Come down from that tall bellfree, blubb'ring Jack,
A piece of English beef, a bowl of 'rack,
A pudding too, the last perhaps thou'lt see,
Now at the Silver Lyon wait for thee;

Some friends from Boulogne, L--c-pe will be there
With other martyrs that thy sufferings share ;
Who on pure principle alone survive,
The sad remains, alas, of forty-five
Shall crown the cup of comfort to thy grief,
A friend in stocks may give a friend relief.

IF other calls (which much I doubt) should crave,
The mason's daughter has my ready leave ;
A social turn on all my schemes attend,
She travels with me to oblige a friend ;
A guest you know—that thought eternal sleep,
Her father's friendly board, —it stings me deep ;

Confusion to the thought, it stabs me still,
I'll blunt this moral dagger's edge, I will ;
My marble heart against the point is proof,
The mason may be damn'd, and damn'd his roof,
Let honour sculk, and virtue stand aloof.

These fits come on me when I stop to think,
I never feel them when I whore and drink ;

Brandy alone can strike reflection dead,
And conscience goes with Kate and me to bed;
Curse this preaching, Jack, the company wait,
Fogh, fogh man,—L--c-pe now and I will treat.

It must look strange indeed should some folks see.
A groupe of Jacobites sit down with thee;
Who after dinner drink one banish'd James,
Extremes you know, dear Jack, beget extremes;
And who can tell how fortune yet may work,
Thou yet may'st land in Scotland or at Corke,
Thou yet may'st push thy great revenge too far,
And I may count thy head on Temple-Bar.

OH drunk with impudence! oh foul disgrace!
To fling thy malice at thy master's face;
Thy royal master, whose all gracious mien;
Is honour'd, lov'd, and blest'd, as soon as seen;
What fiend could plunge thy pen in black abuse,
When loyalty and manners lost their use;
When decency a dunghill drab became,
With Newgate language to compleat thy shame;

Thy prompters here outwent their usual art,
And made thee act a more than ruffian's part ;
Unthinking tool to listen to their spite,
Thou'lt curse the day that taught thee first to write ;
Thy own reproach shall goad thee more and more,
In keen reflection on the Gallic shore ;
Ten thousand Harpys on thy peace shall prey,
And tear the tenor of thy soul away.

THOU vain Goliath with rash Quixote hand,
Prick'd forward in the desp'rate front to stand ;
There challenge loud in brass, there shake thy spear,
But mark the champion, Justice soon drew near ;
Justice array'd by law was then thy foe,
A pebble from that hand soon laid thee low.

The lords of Gath their loud halloos shall cease,
Spurn thee when down and make a separate peace ;
The junto now thy boasted strength and pride,
Like dogs with tails depress'd, see flink aside ;
Were it thy fate in-yok'd, on high to stand,
They'd stop perhaps to mock thee in the Strand ;

Laugh at thy lofty state and new renown,
Or lend an egg, perhaps, to knock thee down;
Or sneering from their chariots as they pass,
Point at the pillard oaf, the patriot ass.

WOULD'ST thou for Britain's chosen champion stand,
And wrench the sword from George's mighty hand;
His people's guardian and the laws defence,
Their buckler, bulwark, and their rock immense.

Have done thou crazy Quixote, long misled;
And pull Mambrino's helmet from thy head;
That brazen basin fling upon the floor,
Put on thy reason and thy wig once more;
The prostrate staff, first crack'd across thy knee,
Beneath thy foot let P-t and P----m see;
That may-pole, once the rabble's boast and bragg,
To which thou'st fasten'd discord's baleful flag;
In splinters on the ground before them throw,
Let every factious tool be trampled so;
The idol cap thy vanity hath try'd
Will never fit, oh W----s it is too wide;

The C A P and S T A F F.

No longer keep it on, 'tis rank abuse,
But turn thy madness to some sober use ;
Degrade the gaudy whim that fools thee so,
To needful purposes made fit below ;
In homely penance let it be apply'd,
And mortify indeed thy madding pride ;
A close-stool make the cap, conclude the jest
Here's number forty-five, you know the rest.

THE END.

THE C A P S T A T E

No longer keep it on, his rank above,
But turn thy weakness to some laboring
Be glad the greedy will not look there,
To need, perhaps, to be below;
To have, perhaps, to be above.



THE C A P S T A T E

